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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate showers.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S INTEREST.

If business men would not take the ssertion of others for it that the gold tandard is good for them, but were hemselves to study the money queson, we should hear incalculably less out the enthusiasm of the "business mmunity" hereabout for McKinley. hen that candidate, before he was a ididate, denounced President Cleved for his efforts to demonetize sil-, saying the gold standard meant at money should be dear and everying else cheap—that the gold dollar came the master and everything else servant—he spoke the plain truth. w prices are not good for the busis man, and low prices are an inevi- result of a contracting currency. there is a slack demand for farm and labor the great majority consumers of the country have purchasing power lessened, and isiness man will maintain that to verish his customers is good for

interest of the mercantile and acturing class, the large and storekeepers, and all business o are not leagued in the trusts, ith the very rich, the value of ccumulations is enhanced by ciating dollar of the gold heir interest is linked with farmer, the mechanic, the lerk and the professional are the people whose trade and if times are [illegible] good with them they cannot be good with the business man.

Remonetization would bring silver up to the mint ratio of 16 to 1. The law of supply and demand would insure that. The talk about a flood of silver being dumped on us by the rest of the world is sheer nonsense. Suppose silver did come here. Before it could be used it would have to be turned into dollars, and these dollars necessarily be spent in the purchase of goods. But there is no surplus of silver to flood us. Our own exports of silver now exceed the product of our mines. Free coinage would give the country sufficient money for its needs, and force the new locked-up gold to come out and go into productive industry. Then we should have rising markets, busy factories, employed labor with rising wages, and a population able to feed and clothe itself. It is not over-production that is troubling us, but under-consumption.

Has the gold standard produced effects so gratifying that sensible business men should vote to maintain it? What promise of good times is there in it?

THE LETTER OF BISMARCK.

Although most of the opponents of the free coinage of silver affected to regard with indifference the letter of Prince Bismarck to Governor Culberson, of Texas, it was evident by the volume and frequency of their asseverations that they were mightily troubled by it. There was a great deal of shouting of "Who's afraid?" Bismarck, however, was too large a figure in the world's statesmanship to be laughed out of court. It was speedily learned that his utterance had gained a large measure of public attention. The cry had been that if the United States adopted bimetallism they would find themselves, like a poor orphan, alone in the world.

But Bismarck, whose keen intellect has never lost its life-long habit of grappling with the political problems of Europe, declared that the nations of the Old World would be likely to follow so influential a leader as the United States, and that this country was in a position to be freer in its movements than the others. The opponents of bimetallism tried a new plan. They declared that the letter was garbled in the translation, and that the free silver press was endeavoring to take a contemptible advantage of the fact that a large majority of the American people does not understand German. The folly of such a course, if it had been attempted, must be apparent to [illegible] most casual thinker. Almost ever[illegible]munity contains some one capa[illegible] producing a correct translat[illegible]n, and so putting a false one [illegible]s name. The accusation, and not the letter itself, was like Richard's "Jockey of Norfolk" epistle: "A weak inventio[n] of the enemy."

The Journal Monday [illegible] lished a fac-sim[illegible] [illegible] trans- ter, [illegible] this it will be seen at [illegible] that the tenor of the letter is precisely what it was said to be at the first publication. The statement of its contents made at that time is proved to be true, and the attempt to show that it was otherwise was a piece of deliberate falsification.

Now neither Bismarck nor the letter can be discredited. The famous German statesman has put himself on record as believing in the adoption of a bimetallic standard, and in the United States as the most efficacious agent for its establishment.

The words of a man like Bismarck are not easily set aside. He has no personal ambition to gratify, no personal interests to consult. He speaks from the conviction of a trained and experienced statesman, able in the closing years of a remarkable life to view the doings of nations with dispassionate judgment. The utterance of a totally disinterested and competent critic of our financial system is worthy of the attention of every man who has a vote to cast on November 3.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The appeal of Colonel James C. Truman, of the Democratic State Executive Committee, published in these columns yesterday, ought to sound in the ears of the army of Democrats in this State like the trumpet blast of the call to "Charge!" It is, indeed, the battle of the people that Mr. Bryan is fighting, and the people must follow their great leader, spurning out of their path the petty officers of their party who have supinely laid down their arms and bent their necks to the tyrant foot of Plutocracy.

The State Committee finds itself at an important stage of the campaign without orators. Why is this so? Because the men who have for years shouted into the ears of voters the proclamation of their fidelity to the party have deserted it. For years these men have reaped the benefits of the support of these voters. They have been the recipients of honors and emoluments at their hands. They have grown fat on their favors. Where are they now? Hiding behind the radical issues they dare not face; skulking in the hedgerows while their commander-in-chief thunders in the open field.

They have called themselves Democrats in the years when it was possible to pose as such and not wholly sever relations with forces opposed to the real interests of the people. But to-day the party is truly a Democratic party, engaged in a fight to determine whether government literally of the people, by the people for the people, shall perish utterly from the face of the earth. It is the last phrase of Lincoln's famous clause that strikes the keynote of this campaign—government for the people. It is for that the people are clamoring, and in the face of that war cry these recreant leaders turn their backs upon the truest Democracy in the history of these United States and become the silent partners of the powers that seek to keep the people down. They are cowards and traitors, and they will meet the fate of such men.

In the war of the rebellion the volunteer soldier won the victories. In the present political campaign the volunteer will win again. Colonel Truman has called for volunteer orators. Already there comes the tramp of many feet. Hired orators are, indeed, but poor substitutes for even inexperienced speakers whose hearts beat high with truth. The Hessian mercenary never stood well before the tattered Continental, fighting for his home and his native land. The farmers of New England shattered the "thin red line" of England.

History repeats itself. The leader fights night and day with a strength that knows no weariness. He faces the world's monopolists, the hydra-headed trusts, the corporations and the financial combinations. These centralizers of wealth are arrayed against the true Democracy in this fight because they know that with Bryan in the chair, while no man will be robbed, wealth will be more evenly divided. They are backed, as Colonel Truman says, by a press controlled or influenced by moneyed interests. And they parade under the flag of freedom and independence, presuming to make it the symbol of greed and oppression.

Against these powers the Democracy stands to-day practically deserted by the men who ought to be using all their political experience in its aid. There is a trumpet call for volunteers. Every man who has this cause at heart must make himself an educator. Every man who can say a word in defence of government for the people is in duty bound to say that word now. The power of a puissant people roused to action is the most tremendous power in the world. Stand up now, orators of the people, and speak [illegible] and Bryan!

[illegible] Congress [illegible] by the regular Dem[illegible] organization in New York City was that of the Hon. William Sulzer, in the Eleventh District.

Though young, Mr. Sulzer is experienced in public affairs. His record as Speaker of the Assembly and as a member of the National House of Representatives it is not necessary to recapitulate now, though the most explicit restatement of it would redound only to his credit. But this year Mr. Sulzer comes before the people with his record of honorable and efficient public service capped and reinforced by a record of early, positive and unequivocal support of the national ticket and platform of the Democratic party.

For this reason Mr. Sulzer's candidacy should enlist the heartiest support of Democrats and others who are loyal to the Chicago ticket. Even at Chicago, when New York's seventy-two delegates sulked in their seats—some of them are sulking yet—he raised his voice in behalf of silver, and when the nominations were made he, first of all public men in New York City, came out with fearless indorsement of them.

Frankness and courage appeal strongly to the voter in this year of positive politics. It is matter of general consent that as a result of Mr. Sulzer's outspoken policy he would have carried the State of New York had not the same treachery which has now given us an almost unbroken list of "gold bug" nominees for Congressmen defeated his nomination. It is wholly probable now that the influences which have by sinister and sneaking methods robbed Bryan of his chance of carrying this State will attack Sulzer in his district. The plan of campaign is clearly to show the utmost courtesy to silver Democrats, but to beat every one who aspires to office so badly that none will again have the temerity to seek an election. From Wolfert's Roost to Fourteenth Street this policy seems to be perfectly understood and faithfully followed.

The Journal believes that every man should vote according to his convictions in this election. It asks no believer in the single gold standard to vote for an avowed free silver man, and it emphatically believes that no believer in free silver should vote for a man not frankly and fully committed to that policy. The voters in Mr. Sulzer's district are not exposed to perplexity in making up their minds. Their candidate is unmistakably on record. But the rulers of Tammany Hall who pick out Congressional nominees for us have put the voters in other districts to confusion. In most, if not all, the city districts other than the Eleventh the nominees are either "gold bugs" or straddlers, for whom the sincere Democrat has not the slightest inducement to vote.

The silver Democrats of New York City should see that it is to the interest of the cause in which they are enlisted that Mr. Sulzer should be elected. He will have against him all the power of the allied forces of gold—in and out of his district. Let the friends of silver rally with equal unanimity to his support, for at the present moment there seems to be no other Congressional nominee within the limits of New York City equally deserving of countenance.

The Buffalo Courier is another enterprising journal which entertains its readers with stories of immense silver outputs by the Anaconda copper mines. Is Buffalo also suffering from the effects of a school house deficit?

Those persons desiring to become members of the so-called silver miners' trust should make application at once at the office of the World. Money or silver stock no object, and no questions asked.

It cannot but give Protectionist McKinley an odd feeling to know that free trade England is praying for his election and the defeat of free-silver Bryan.

Perhaps it will be a good thing to turn Charlotte Smith over to Dr. Parkhurst. The Doctor rides a wheel and can furnish reasons for doing so.

The Sultan regards Gladstone as one of those dangerous agitators who never neglect an opportunity to array the masses against the classes.

Following the example of Dr. Parkhurst and others, Bob Ingersoll is going to talk politics from his pulpit, and for the Republican ticket.

There is but one labor union in Mexico, and that is just one more than there would be if Mark Hanna were in President Diaz's shoes.

Mr. Pulitzer's discovery of the silver trust is destined to become a strong competitor of General Weyler's Spanish victories.

As to Major McKinley's past financial record, the distinguished Cantonite is doing his very best to remember how to forget.

Tom Watson's views concerning fusion are thought to correspond closely with those entertained by Mr. Hanna.

[illegible] [E]verywhere Are Thoroughly Aroused in Aid of the Cause.

Here is the full list of subscriptions received yesterday:

Union Democratic Club, Philadelphia, Pa.	$150.00
John D. Staples & Son, Champagnolle	.50
Jerry McKinney, West Sunbury	1.50
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Bryan and Sewall Free Silver Club, Orange Grove, Miss	6.00
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R. Ingersoll, "	1.00
G. Doty, "	1.00
E. R. Jenkins, "	.50
A. H. Grant, "	.50
Wm. Smith, "	.25
Gus Smith, "	.50
F. Lebold, McMinnville, Ore	3.00
Bryan Democrat Silver Club, Santa Fe, N. M.	13.60
John Sheehan, New York City	1.00
Randall Longwell, New York City	1.00
Chas. Turner, New York City	1.00
Thos. McCormick, New York City	1.00
John Longwell, New York City	1.00
A. Bayles, New York City	1.60
C. E. Jacquet, New York City	1.00
John Dunne, New York City	1.00
One day's subscription to the fund	$480.65
The Journal's subscription to the fund	480.65
Previously acknowledged and subscribed	24,133.80
Total	$25,095.10

Coarse and Worldly People.

[Washington Post.]

While Mr. Pulitzer's attacks on Mr. Hearst may be actuated by the most patriotic desires to serve the country, there are a few coarse and worldly people who will be disposed to regard them as indicative of pain in Mr. Pulitzer's circulation department.

Mr. Hanna and "Gents."

[Chicago Dispatch.]

It is said that Mark Hanna in addressing a gold club began his letter "Gents." If this be true, we violate no set rule of grammar in announcing that Mr. Hanna's other name will soon be "pants."

Robert the Defender.

[Washington Post.]

Bob Ingersoll is to take the stump. Robert will probably take Mr. Bryan to task for the manner in which he has attempted to use the Bible in his campaign speeches.

The First Time.

[Detroit News.]

If Tammany is allowing "mere curiosity" to get the better of its political judgment, it must be admitted that this is the first time.

The Point.

[Detroit News.]

Of course the interests of employers and employes are identical, but it is necessary that the employers be allowed to decide what those interests are.

History Repeats Itself.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

A very much larger proportion of pulpiteers was with the slaveocracy than is now with the bondocracy. But slavery was overthrown.

An Educating Moment.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

The average man doesn't realize what a hard world this is until he has gone against it suddenly from the seat of a safety.

Too Bad.

[Washington Post.]

It is really too bad that Mr. Quay and Cousin Osborne are engaging in petty spats while the country is in danger.

Same Old Make.

[Washington Post.]

The New York World is hammering away at its Schiaparelli-made silver mine owners' trust, and it looks as if it had the concern on the run.

ABOUT TWO NEW PLAYS.

"Secret Service."

"Another war play—powder—noise—Confederate hero—Union heroine!" I cried in disgust as I read the announcements of William Gillette's latest effort at the Garrick. And I promised myself that I wouldn't go, as it would only mean that I should hate, and be called a blase critic—the only one of the hundred accusations hurled at my head, that hurts. My promise availed me nothing. To the Garrick I trotted at 8 o'clock last night—and long before 11 I had uttered fervent, heart-drawn cries of "mea culpa!"

I sat there glued to my seat, riveted to the red velvet, watching eagerly and tensely one of the most exciting romance plays that it has ever been my good fortune to see. I felt like a kid at his first theatre-going, grudging the entr'acts and palpitating for the sequel—the sequel as rapidly and as directly as possible. The blase critic (the wound quivers as I use the phrase) was in the seventh h[eaven] of enjoyment. He forgot th[at] he was in the playhouse—forg[ot] everything [in] the bewilder[ing], interesting story told in "Secret [Ser]vice," and told in such a masterly way that every incident counted, every episode had a cumulative value; every character in the piece seemed like a friend whom to leave at 11 o'clock was a real case of parting is such sweet sorrow.

Now, you know, I'm a little tired of war plays. I did enjoy "Held by the Enemy," and I warbled the praises of "Shenandoah," and then I felt that I had had enough, for there was small fry intervening between those two events. "Secret Service," however, isn't a war play in the gunpowder sense of the word. It is a palpitation of the heart that throbs for men and women placed in startling but not improbable positions, and it appeals to all the very best emotions—those that are generally aroused in the theatres of to-day.

No, I won't call it a masterpiece. I want my readers to see it. They wouldn't go to a masterpiece, nor would I, if I could help it. I loathe masterpieces—things that are bounded to the North, South, East and West by symmetrical conventionalities. Mr. Gillette's new play is the most human thing I have seen in many a season, and the most unusual sort of play. It has a hero—whom you adore—who is a suspicious villain, and it has a villain—whom you condemn—who wouldn't hurt the wing of a fly. Avaunt, ye heroes, of the rescue-mania brand! Go to, ye villains of the tan kid gloves, and the cigarettes! Your days are over, and "Secret Service" has stabbed you dead.

The story of Mr. Gillette's play is simplicity itself. Don't be afraid you wont understand it. War plays, as a rule, tax the thinking apparatus unnecessarily, but "Secret Service," as I said before, isn't a war play, though it takes place in Virginia during the war, at the time when the Northern forces were entrenched before Richmond. The story is told quickly, galvanically, throbbingly. It is all condensed into an evening. Everything in "Secret Service" takes place during the time that you are in the playhouse. There is no halt; no digression. You are on an incessant qui vive of expectation. Everything happens. Nothing is delayed. The play is a masterpiece—I mean it isn't; it is something much better.

Lewis Dumont, the hero-villain, is a spy belonging to the United States Secret Service. He poses as Captain Thorne, a Confederate officer, but the object of his Southern presence is to ply the Union forces with information. He falls in love with Edith Varney, the daughter of Richmond's grigadier-general, and the dread reality of his entity is revealed to her by the villain-hero, Benton Arerisford, who is her rejected lover. Dumont's dare-devil audacity, his humanity, his fidelity to what he believes to be his mission, and his undaunted bravery, are shown in a series of picturesque episodes that it would be criminal to tell you in advance. I can think of no scene at the present time so moving as the close of the second act, when the spy, in danger of being detected, overcomes an appa[r]ently irremediable situation.

The dramatic critic should tell lightly the story of the play he reviews. This dramatic critic is not going to spoil the interest in "Secret Service" by giving away its little surprises any more than he has already done. You will thank me for it when you see the play, for see it you will. Your sisters and your cousins and your aunts will all be talking about it before the week is over.

Gillette made so much money with "Too Much Johnson" that he felt he could buy himself the luxury of appearing in a serious role. Gillette never made a wiser purchase. I always wondered where his alleged fariceality came in. He was never amusing to me. As Lewis Dumont he gives you a character that will make all the votaries of the conventional school gasp. It seems absolutely true to life. It is a melodramatic impersonation without a vestige of over-acting. Lewis Dumont behaves exactly as a human being would behave. So Duse-like in its realism was this peculiar actor's method, that I heard several people say "He's forgotten his lines. He's waiting for the prompter."

Gillette's acting in "Secret Service" would win him fame anywhere. I am not much addicted to the genial pastime known as "sopping," but really this bit of character work quite carried me away into the regions of gush. Miss Odette Tyler made a remarkable hit in a comedy part that was intrinsically laughable. In "Secret Service" you get a pair of young lovers who don't come on to "do their turn" as clumsy playmakers generally contrive that they shall. The exquisite humor of Miss Tyler's part is woven into the story, and she is adorable in it. Her accomplice, Walter Thomas, would also be excellent if he would consent to squelch his abominable Southern accent. Miss Ida Waterman was a pathetic black silk mother, and Campbell Gollan, as the villain who wasn't a villain, was a capital companion picture to Gillette.

But I can't indorse Miss Amy Busby. She was the weak spot—a gurgling, affected, unreposeful weak spot. A curious propensity for roses which she wore, and shed all the time she was acting, proved to be particularly irritating. She reminded one of Peggoty, who burst the buttons off her dress every time she moved.

"Secret Service," however, can be cavilled at by no fellow. It is a right royal evening's enjoyment, snappy as champagne and equally intoxicating. And its quiet moments, when nobody said a word, but when everybody acted, and acted for dear life, were as impressive as anything in the play. It would "go" anywhere, in any country where the English language is s[p]oken. In fact, I'd call it a classic, if a classic were not as forbidding as a m[aste]rpiece. The play that will hold yo[u] in the tight grip of entrancement i[s] the sort of play I want to pay to see. And "Secret Service" fits into that cl[a]ssification admirably.

ALAN DALE.

"Mary Pennington, Spinster."

Georgia Cayva[n], the ex-beloved leading lady of the little Lyceum and the ex-companion picture to Herbert Kelcey and his Lyceum trousers, set herself up aloft in the starry firmame[nt] Monday night at Palmer's Theatre. An[d] she said unto herself, "Behold, I will twi[n]kle. Others have done it with far less of th[e] luminous about their constitutions than I own. Yea, verily, I will twinkle." And I am bound to admit that Miss Cayvan wen[t] about it in a neat and delicate manner. As soon as you reached the theatre a sweet little booklet was placed in your h[a]nd. On the outside was Georgia, simply [w]allowing in violets, and wearing a decollet[e] gown, and that little, arch, mutinous [l]ook that she used to adopt in the famou[s] "Yes and no" episodes with Kelcey [illegible] the Lyceum.

[I]nside the booklet, in tidy copper-plate, were announcements of Miss Cayvan's intentions, her aims, her repertoire, her company, and the names of her advance representative, her assistant stage manager, her master machinist and her master of properties. All this information we were naturally dying to secure, and when I tell you that it included a promise that Miss Cayvan's productions will be made with "a view to meriting the approval of audiences of the most artistic and discriminating tastes," you will obtain some idea of the booklet's extreme originality. Most stars naturally struggle for disapproval. Miss Cayvan covets approval.

And cruel though it may be, it must at once be said that Miss Cayvan will never win approval with the wretched stuff she gave us in "Mary Pennington, Spinster," by W. R. Walkes, "Esq." Not the violet-covered booklet, nor the tons of palms in the lobby, nor our intense affection for Miss Cayvan, nor our desire to see her immediate success, will make "Mary Pennington, Spinster," popular, even with audiences of the "most artistic and discriminating tastes." I presume there was one of those audiences at the theatre Monday night. Many of Miss Cayvan's friends were there, and if they wont make up an "artistic and discriminating" audience, there is no such thing in New York.

W. R. Walkes, "Esq's," comedy, which, according to the violet-fragrant booklet, "found favor with the most exacting critics" in London (I'm smothering a He! he!), is in four short and very chatty acts, which undertake to show that which has been shown a hundred times before much more cleverly and much more convincingly—namely, the fact that a woman's heart, like murder, will out. Mr. Walkes has given us a set of people that are false to all ideas of truth, depth, humor and intelligence. They are a silly and an impossible lot, and never succeed, at any single moment, in awakening one of those dormant arrangements that we call "responsive chords."

Mary Pennington is a woman of business—paper business, and she owns up to various fads. All this we learn by means of plenty of talk. Nothing transpires in the play to invest Mary with one particle of interest. You have Walkes, Esq.'s, word for it that she is interesting, and nothing more. She has a junior partner, who wears very bad clothes, and doesn't know what to do with her arms. Mary has a great deal of friendship for him. She believes in nothing more. She is chubby and soulful-eyed, and she wears white satin, "cut saucy about the scrag," as Chevalier would say, but she has never loved, and never could. The gossips chatter about Mary and Geoffrey—at least Walkes, Esq., says that they do, and we are bound to believe him, and—in the only semi-amusing incident in the play—she proposes to squelch any irrelevant small-talk by marrying him. She doesn't love him. Not a bit of it. She will be wife in name only—and all that sort of twaddle.

Now, you can excuse a good deal when a cunning little individuality talks in that way. Miss Annie Russell might make such a Mary convincingly ingenuous. But when it comes to a plump, well-cared for, sensible-looking, lady-person, doing the preposterously naive to an inoffensive young man of eight and twenty, you say to yourself, "Well, not just yet, my fair one." Geoffrey loves her, of course, and is willing to be the hero in name only, or in any other way she may select. It has taken more than two acts to get thus far, and in the third act, Walkes, Esq., evidently feeling that he has got to make a real play or die in the attempt, introduces a villainess. She is Lady Maitland, who has loved Geoffrey years ago, and jilted him for mere spondulix. She has been very unhappy in her marriage, and now, widowed, and in a red silk waist (especially the red silk waist), she loves Geoffrey more than ever, and wants him for her own, and not in name only, if you please. As Mary Anne would say, "She carries on terrible." She makes mischief with remarkable celerity, and "Miss Pennington, Spinster," in the simple ingenuousness of her forty years, releases her Lothario from his engagement. Of course, he has ceased to love the red silk waist long ago, and he tells her so, with pardonable pride, crushing her woman's heart beneath his stern and grinding heel. Then there is much agony, for Mary knows that her theories have failed, and that the wife in name only business is played out—a fact of which we were aware long ago.

There's your play—all told in ceaseless talk. In addition, you get a couple of youthful lovers, who do the Mary and Geoffrey act in a more frolicsome fashion, a team of ridiculous mill women, who are introduced for no earthly reason that I could discover, and a friendly doctor, whose aim it is to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Miss Cayvan worked neatly, but she could do nothing with the silly part she attempted to vivify. She looked remarkably tumultuous and well, and that is about all she did. Her voice is as charming as it ever was; her acting as unfinished. The sole hit was made by a clever little person called Mary Jerrold, who almost succeeded in illuminating a deadly comedy part. The "leading man" was Frank Atherley, of the evil clothes and the too-many arms. This gentleman lacks distinction, and I can't quite see why Miss Cayvan went to London for him. There are shoals of better fish in the Rialto waters. Orrin Johnson, a clever young actor, was miscast. He played a young university fellow, and vulgarized the part. The red silk waist was intrusted to Miss Anne Sutherland, who tried hard to be deep-dyed, but failed.

"Mary Pennington, Spinster," as far as I have been able to learn, was played in London at a matinee only. Perhaps that is why it "found favor with the most exacting critics." It is easier to like the unassuming matinee than the ostentatious evening performance.

ALAN DALE.

A NOBLE TRAGEDY OF BLEECKER STREET.

[A literal translation from the unedited leaflets of Pierre Houpla.]

"SACRED name of a dog, where is then the shirt of my ancestors?"

It was Hector Marie, Count De Vaurien, who made this inquiry frenetic, as he withdrew his head from the trunk in which he maintained the garment ancestral.

There was consternation in his visage as he put himself on end, plunging his hands despaired in his pockets.

The trunk was ranged in the corner of the little chamber of the fourth stage in a house, once noble, on the street Bleecker, where the Count De Vaurein, a spirit strong, elegant, with his friend, the brave and handsome Breton, Yvon, Marquis De Taguerague y Bobbetaille, domiciled themselves modestly in waiting the rents enormous from their estates.

But grace to the nobility of their names renowned, they possessed the entry to the high society of New York. The ladies opulent and charming of the city were to knees before them, and the papas, Pluto-millionaires, each day them prayed to assist at the high ceremonials.

Yes, the trunk was there, but where was the shirt; that apparel of antiquity glorious, which his valiant ancestor, Raggles le Fatigue, had brought back from the Crusades, and which for so many generations had been the chemise unique of this family noble.

All the season he, Hevtor Marie, had bravely flashed its glittering front before the rich and lovely ones of New York; and had they not made him some pretty compliments on its expanse and polish?

But where was it?

"Sacred name of a dog," himself cried the Count, one time of more, "where is, then, the shirt of my ancestors?"

There was no reply, although there was another one in the apartment.

Yvon, Marquis de Taguerague. But he couched himself in the bed.

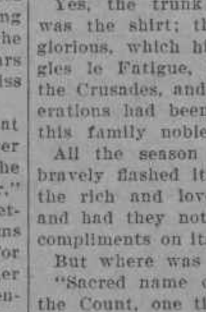
And so replied not.

But slept he?

We go to see.

Ah!

Advancing to the bed with some steps rapid, the Count himself addressed to him in a voice strident.



The Marquis replied without himself opening his eyes.

"What hast thou, then, that thou makest me the big roar?"

"What is it that I have? What I have is that I have not the shirt of my ancestors. Dos't thou know where she is?"

"How thou art droll!"

"That is not a reply. Dost thou know?"

"Oh! make me the silence!"

An aspect furious mounted to the figure of the Count.

Advancing his hand desperate, he retired rapidly the bed clothes. There was extended the Marquis enveloped in the shirt of the ancestors of the Count.

The Count pushed a cry furious.

"Miserable!" he thundered. "Assassin of the honor of my shirt of family. Remove it, then, quickly, lest I thee strangle. Ah! friend infamous, did'st thou not know that I had to lead the cotillion at the house of the rich Smitt to-night?"

"And have I not to dine at the millionaire Jones this evening?" bitterly exclaimed the Marquis. "And is it not that my shirt is in retard from the washerwoman?"

"Miserable!" himself cried again the Count.

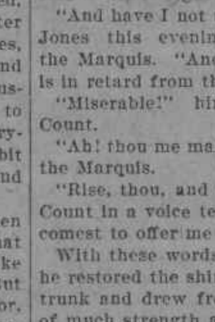
"Ah! thou me makest fatigued," grumbled the Marquis.

"Rise, thou, and dress thyself!" cried the Count in a voice terrible. "The insult thou comest to offer me demands thy blood."

With these words, desperately significant, he restored the shirt of his ancestors to the trunk and drew from behind it two sabres of much strength and sharpness.

"As thou wilt," said the Marquis, unwarmly.

"Now, then, friend traitorous, in guard!" cried the Count, when the Marquis had completed his toilet by the pinning of his collar to his overcoat. "One of us two quits not this chamber alive."



A light demoniac flashed itself into the eyes of the Marquis. He came to form a plan horrifying.

"It is as thou sayest?" he sneered.

"It is true."

"Thou swearest that but one of us quits this chamber alive."

"Yes."

"Then thou art lost!" replied the Marquis with frightful emphasis. And moving himself slowly toward the door he it opened.

"Poor fool!" he said, extending a finger menacing to the Count. "Then this chamber is thy tomb, for I leave it alive, and thou art the fated one that dost not."

And with a face terrific and unmoved he shut the door upon the Count and him left to die!

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"There is one very remarkable difference between Bryan and McKinley I have never seen in print," began the man who talks politics.

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who electioneers.

"Why, Bryan hires halls, while McKinley hires audiences."—Buffalo Times.

Mrs. McSwat—Billiger, I settled with the plasterer and paperhanger this morning.

Mr. McSwat—How much was his bill?

"Two dollars and forty-five cents."

"Well, that was reasonable, wasn't it?"

"Reasonable? It was remarkably cheap."

"You say you paid it?"

"Yes."

"You didn't tell him it was too little, did you?"

"Why, I told him it was only about half what I had expected to pay."

(With terrible calmness) "O, you told him that, did you, Lobelia?"

"Yes, that was all."

"Oh, that was all, was it?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"Nothing, Lobelia! Nothing! [E]xcept that we'll have to mortgage the premis[es to p]ay the bill for the next job of work that [illegible] does for us! Supper ready?"—Chicago Tribu[ne].

"Hoskins, did you ever see a [illegible] honest man?"

"Yes; in a theatre once I heard a fellow tell his wife he was going out to get a drink."—Chicago Record.